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BLEINHEIM,

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P O E M,

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq;

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N,

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B.L.E.N.H.I.A.



The Second Edition

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BLEINHEIM,

A

P O E M.

From low and abject Themes the Grov'ling Muse
Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of *Britain's* Heroe; may the Verse not sink
Beneath His Merits; but detain a while
Thy Ear, O HARLEY, (tho thy Country's Weal
Depends on Thee, tho Mighty ANNE requires
Thy hourly Counsels) since with ev'ry Art
Thy self adorn'd, the mean Essays of Youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing Genius to the Muses Seat:
Therefore Thee first, and last, the Muse shall Sing.

B

Long

Long had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontrol'd
 Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force
 Opponent slightly thought, in Heart elate,
 As erst *Sesostris*, (proud *Ægyptian* King,
 That Monarchs harness'd to his Chariot yok't,
 (Base Servitude!) and his dethron'd Compeers
 Lash'd furious; they in fullen Majesty
 Drew the uneasy Load.) Nor less He aim'd
 At Universal Sway: For *WILLIAM*'s Arm
 Could naught avail, however fam'd in War;
 Nor Armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd
 To curb his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,
 That stands secure, tho' all the Winds employ
 Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,
 Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores;
 So stood he, and Alone; Alone defy'd
 The *Europæan* Thrones combin'd, and still
 Had set at Naught their Machinations vain,
 But that Great *ANNE*, weighing th'Events of War
 Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee chose,
 Thee, *CHURCHILL*, to direct in nice Extreame
 Her banner'd Legions. Now their pristine Worth
 The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change

Sweet

Sweet Native Home for unaccustom'd Air,
 And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil
 Portend Distempers; over dank, and dry,
 They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with Length
 Of March, unstruck with Horror at the sight
 Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,
 All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond
 The Trace of *English* Steps, where scarce the Sound
 Of *Henry's* Arms arriv'd; such Strength of Heart
 Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor small
 Encouragement GODOLPHIN, Wise, and Just,
 Equal in Merit, Honour, and Success,
 To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve
 The Best of Queens:) He, of the Royal Store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole Nights devoid
 Of sweet Repose, Industrious to procure
 The Soldiers Ease; to Regions far remote
 His Care extends, and to the *British* Host
 Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O CHURCHILL, at thy wisht Approach
 The *Germans* hopeless of Success, forlorn,
 With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
 New animated rouse; not more rejoice

The

The miserable Race of Men, that live
 Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts
 Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,
 Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,
 When first the Sun with New-born Light removes
 The long incumbent Gloom; gladly to thee
 Heroic Laurel'd EUGENE yields the Prime,
 Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
 In Military Honour next, altho
 His deadly Hand shook the *Turcheſtan* Throne
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
 Victorious; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coast relies,
 (Won from th'encroaching Sea) That Sword Great ANNE
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puiffant Side,
 When Thee Sh'enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among,
 Illustrating the Noble Liſt; Her Hand
 Affures good Omens, and Saint *George's* worth
 Enkindles like Deſire of high Exploits.
 Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War
 Rowl in thy eager Mind; thy Plumy Creſt
 Nods horrible, with more terrific Port
 Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conqueſts then did *Albion* hope
 From

From thy Atchievements! yet thou hast surpast
 Her boldest Vows, exceeded what thy Foes
 Could fear, or fancy; they, in Multitude
 Superior, fed their Thoughts with Prospect vain
 Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what
 From ransom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
 Jovial his Mate bespoke; O Friend, observe,
 How gay with all th' Accoutrements of War
 The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come
 Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to subdue
 Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies stript
 Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures fate
 Their Maws with full Repast! Another, warm'd
 With high Ambition, and Conceit of Prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd;
 What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
 Of base Antagonists, with griding Edge
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head
 Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms! or if This Hand,
 Soon as his Army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
 Should stay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
 Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial Price
 Should set Him free, nor small should be My Praise
 To lead Him shackl'd, and expose to Scorn

Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton's* boasted Chief.

Thus They, in sportive mood, their empty Taunts
And Menaces exprest; nor could their Prince
In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech
Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? why
Decline the War? shall a Morass forbid
Your easie March? Advance; we'll bridge a Way,
Safe of Access. Imprudent, thus t'invite
A furious Lion to his Folds! that Boast
He ill abides, captiv'd in other Plight
He soon revisits *Britanny*, that once
Resplendent came, with stretch't Retinue girt,
And pompous Pageantry; O Hapless Fate,
If any Arm, but CHURCHILL's, had prevail'd!

No need such Boasts, or Exprobations false
Of Cowardice; the Military Mound
The *British* Files transcend, in evil Hour
For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.
And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
Signal of Onset, Resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious Love of War.
The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,

Col-

Collecting all their Might; for on th' Event
 Decisive of this bloody Day depends
 The Fate of Kingdoms: With less Vehemence
 The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæsar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,
 Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
 Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.
 Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
 Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
 Bold Champion! brandishing his *Noric* Blade,
 Best temper'd Steel, successful prov'd in Field!
 Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry [prompt
 Presumptuous comes: Here CHURCHILL, not so
 To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
 With EUGENE'S *German* Force. Now from each Van
 The brazen Instruments of Death discharge
Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds *Sonorous.*
 Of Smoak sulphureous; intermix't with these
 Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
 Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
 Surprizing Slaughter; on each side they fly
 By Chains connex't, and with destructive Sweep
 Behead whole Troops at once; the hairy Scalps
 Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks bestrow
 Th'en-

Th' ensanguin'd Field; with latent Mischief stor'd
 Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst
 Disploding murd'rous Bowels, fragments of Steel,
 And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.
 A Thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
 Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout
 With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.
 Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds
 Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted Riders; they expire
 Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,
 Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
 Lye clotted; lifeless Some: With Anguish These
 Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
 Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din
 Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound
 Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
 Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were seen,
 None of Retreat: As when two adverse Winds,
 Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
 Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
 Roars stormy, they together dash the Clouds,

Levying their Equal Force with utmost Rage;
 Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd: 'Till CHURCHILL, viewing where
 The Violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,
 Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm; with speed
 Precipitant He rode, urging his Way
 O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
 Rowling in Death: Destruction, grim with Blood,
 Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd
 Descrying from afar some Engineer,
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, design'd
 By One nice Shot to terminate the War.
 With Aim direct the levell'd Bullet flew,
 But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood
 Th' approaching Wound) and guiltless Plough'd her Way
 Beneath His Courser; round His Sacred Head
 The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
 With dire impetuous Sway deals Fatal Blows
 Amongst the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O! Beware
 Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
 Expose the *British* Safety: Hath not *Jove*
 Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reserve
 Thy self for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
 EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,

D

Awaits;

Awaits; This Day of all His Honours gain'd
 Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
 Defends not the sad Hour: Permit not Thou
 So Brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
 To bite the Ground unnoted. ---- Swift, and Fierce
 As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce
 The yielding Wing; in *Gallic* Blood again
 He dews His reeking Sword, and strows the Ground
 With headless Ranks; (so *Ajax* interpos'd
 His Sevenfold Shield, and skreen'd *Laertes's* Son,
 For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles Renown'd,
 When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd Him sore
 With tilted Spears:) Unmanly Dread invades
 The *French* astoni'd; straight Their useless Arms
 They quit, and in Their swift Retreat confide,
 Unseemly Yelling; distant Hills return
 The hideous Noise. What can They do? or how
 Withstand His Wide-destroying Sword? or where
 Find Shelter thus repuls'd? behind with Wrath
 Resistless, th' Eager *English* Champions Press,
 Chastising tardy Flight; Before them rowls
 His Current swift the *Danube*, Vast, and Deep
 Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,
 Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reacht,

New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote They saw
 Themselves to wretched Doom; with Efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by Despair, or Obstinate
 To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew
 Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
 On the firm Land; the Rest discomfited,
 And pusht by MARLEBOROUGH's avengeful Hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood:
 Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery
 That swell'd the *Erythraean* Wave, when Wall'd
 The Unfroze Waters marvelously stood,
 Observant of the Great Command. Upbore
 By frothy Billows Thousands float the Stream
 In cumbrous Mail, with love of farther Shore;
 Confiding in their Hands, that sed'lous strive
 To cut th' outrageous Fluent: In this Distress,
 Ev'n in the sight of Death, Some, Tokens shew
 Of fearless Friendship, and their sinking Mates
 Sustain; vain Love, thô laudable! absorpt
 By a fierce Eddy, They together found
 The vast Profundity; their Horses paw
 The swelling Surge, with fruitless Toil: Surcharg'd,
 And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,
 The River flows redundant, and attacks

The

The lingring Remnant with unufual Tide;
 Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap
 Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerft.
 So when fome fwelt'ring Travellers retire
 To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunlefs Verge
 Of *Paraba*, *Brafilian* Stream; Her Tail
 Of vaft Extension, from Her watry Den,
 A grifly *Hydra* fuddenly fhoots forth,
 Infidious, and with curl'd invenom'd Train
 Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
 Into the River whirles; th'unweeting Prey
 Entwifted roars, the parted Wave rebounds.

Nor did the *British* Squadrons now furceafe
 To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
 In the moift Element a fcorching Death,
 Pierc'd finking; Shrouded in a dusky Cloud
 The Current flows, with livid miffive Flames
 Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
 Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' Swift-footed Son
 Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks purfu'd
 The ftragglng *Trojans*: Nor lefs Eager drove
 Victorious CHURCHILL His defponding Foes
 Into the deep Immenfe, that many a League

Impurpl'd ran, with gushing Gore distain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
 Mighty in Conflict, rescu'd harraß Pow'rs
 From Ruin impendent, and th'afflicted Throne
 Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
 Sustain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd
 The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
 An Host disparted; when, in Union firm
 Embod'y'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All
 Their Strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd;
 He the proud Boasters sent, with stern Assault,
 Down to the Realms of Night. The *British* Souls,
 (A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
 On *Landen*-Plains, this Heav'nly Gladsome Air,
 Exult to see the crouding Ghosts descend
 Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
 Of Mortal Life, and Drink th'Oblivious Lake.
 Not so the New Inhabitants; They roam
 Erroneous, and disconsolate, Themselves
 Accusing, and their Chiefs, improvident
 Of Military Chance; when lo! They see,
 Thrô the Dun Mist, in Blooming Beauty fresh,
 Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt

E

O'er

O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
ANNA's late Conquests; One, to Empire Born,
 Egregious Prince, whose Manly Childhood shew'd
 His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
 Unspeakable; Thou, His Associate Dear
 Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
 Shouldst **CHURCHILL** be! But Heav'n severe cut short
 Their springing Years, nor would, this Isle should boast
 Gifts so Important! Them the *Gallic* Shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant Look
 Marks of excessive Dignity and Grace,
 Delighted; 'till, in One, their Curious Eye
 Discerns their Great Subduer's Awful Mien,
 And Corresponding Features Fair; to Them
 Confusion! Straight the Airy Phantomes fleet,
 With Headlong Haste, and Dread a new Pursuit;
 The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muse; the sadly-pleasing Theme
 Leave, with these Dark Abodes, and Re-ascend
 To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait
 The Conqu'ror, and fav'd Nations joint Acclaim.
 Hark, how the Canon, inoffensive Now,

Gives

Gives Signs of Gratulation; struggling Crouds
 From ev'ry City flow; with ardent Gaze
 Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight
 Infatiate; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand
 Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,
 How *Prussia's* King transported Entertains
 His Mighty Guest; to Him the Royal Pledge,
 Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,
 Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
 Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
 The Skill and Rudiments austere of War.
 See, with what Joy, Him LEOPOLD declares
 His Great Deliverer; and courts t'accept
 Of Titles, with superior Modesty
 Better refus'd. Mean while the Haughty King
 Far humbler Thoughts now learns; Despair, and Fear
 Now first he feels; his Laurels all at once
 Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,
 Distract his Soul; nor can Great *Boileau's* Harp
 Of various founding Wire, best taught to calm
 Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul
 With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer:
 Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But

But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse
 Torment the *Boian* Prince? From Native Soil
 Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace
 Of weeping Comfort, and depriv'd the Sight
 Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks
 Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land;
 Deplorable! but that his Mind averse
 To Right, and Insincere, would violate
 His plighted Faith: Why did he not accept
 Friendly Composure offer'd? or well weigh,
 With Whom he must Contend? Encount'ring fierce
 The *Solymanian* Sultan, he o'erthrew
 His Moony Troops, returning bravely smear'd
 With Painim Blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*
 Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,
 Of Counsel rash, new Measures he pursues,
 Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he sees
 Too late his Error, forc'd t' implore Relief
 Of Him, he once defy'd. O Destitute
 Of Hope, unpity'd! Thou should'st first have thought
 Of persevering steadfast; now upbraid
 Thy own inconstant Ill-aspiring Heart.
 Lo! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default,
 Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,

Best

Best Men, that Warr'd still firmly for their Prince,
 Tho' Faithless, and Unshaken Duty shew'd;
 Worthy of Better End. Where Cities stood,
 Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Desolation Reigns,
 And Emptiness; dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
 The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around
 The Desert wide; with oft retorted Eye
 They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
 Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome Haunts
 Of Birds obscene), bewailing loud the Loss
 Of Spouse, or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime
 Slain in sad Conflict, and complain of Fate
 As Partial, and too Rigorous; nor find
 Where to Retire themselves, or where Appease
 Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd
 To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beasts.

Thrice Happy *Albion*! from the World disjoin'd
 By Heav'n Propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace!
 Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miseries to Prize
 Thy Welfare; Crown'd with Nature's Choicest Gifts,
 Remote Thou hear'st the Dire Effect of War
 Depopulation, void alone of Fear,
 And Peril, whilst the Dismal Symphony

Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
 Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
 Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife;
 From diff'rent Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends
 Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd
 With utmost Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,
Gallic, or *Austrian*; Havoc dire ensues,
 And wild Uproar: The Natives, dubious whom
 They must Obey, in Consternation wait,
 'Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.
 Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
 On the mild *Latian* Shore; what Sighs and Tears
 Hath EUGENE caus'd! How many Widows curse
 His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!
 What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,
 Best Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
 With Olives, when the Cruel Battel mows
 The Planters, with their Harvest immature?
 See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,
 The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
 In Battailous Array, while *Volga's* Stream
 Sends Opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,
 Her Borderers; on mutual Slaughter bent,
 They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vex't

With

With Civil Broils, while Two Elected Kings
 Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left
 Thus free of Choice! The *English*, undisturb'd
 With such sad Privilege, submit Obey
 Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence due,
 Not Thralldom, in fit Liberty secure.
 From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,
 Thou *ANNA* Rulest, Prudent to promote
 Thy People's Ease at home, nor Studious less
 Of *Europe's* Good; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
 Sole Arbitress, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
 Sue for Relief; Thou bid'st Thy *CHURCHILL* go,
 Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes
 Of Haughty *LOUIS*, unconfi'd; He goes
 Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfils,
 In One Great Day. Again Thou giv'st in Charge
 To *ROOK*, that He should let that Monarch know,
 The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd
 Is Thine; behold! with winged Speed He rides
 Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main t' assert
 Thy liquid Kingdoms; at his near Approach
 The *Gallic* Navys impotent to bear
 His Volly'd Thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud
 And bless the friendly interposing Night.

Hail,

Hail, Mighty QUEEN, reserv'd by Fate, to Grace
 The New-born Age; what Hopes may we conceive
 Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign
Neptune submits his Trident, and Thy Arms
 Already have prevail'd to th'utmost Bound
Hesperian, Calpe, by *Alcides* fixt,
 Mountain Sublime, that casts a Shade of Length
 Immeasurable, and Rules the Inland Waves!
 Let Others, with Infatiate Thirst of Rule,
 Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties
 Of Leagues and Oaths; this Thy peculiar Praise
 Be still, to Study Right, and Quell the Force
 Of Kings Perfidious; let them learn from Thee
 That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd
 Shall with Success be Crown'd, where Justice fails.
 Thou with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,
 Subduest Regions; Generous to Raise
 The Suppliant Knee, and Curb the Rebel Neck.
 The *German* Boasts Thy Conquests, and Enjoys
 The Great Advantage; nought to Thee redounds
 But Satisfaction from Thy Conscious Mind.

Auspicious QUEEN, since in Thy Realms secure
 Of Peace, Thou Reign'st, and Victory attends

Thy

Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view
Europe Embroid'd; Still Thou (for Thou Alone
 Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,
 Reciprocally ruinous; Say Who
 Shall wield th' *Hesperian*, Who the *Polish* Sword,
 By Thy Decree; the trembling Lands shall hear
 Thy Voice, Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should bruise
 Their Stubborn Necks, and CHURCHILL in his Wrath
 Make Them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, Aw'd to Peace, Extol
 Thy Pow'r, and Justice; Jealousies and Fears,
 And Hate Infernal banisht shall retire
 To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coasts,
 Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Discords fell
 Amongst the Enemies of Truth; while Arts
 Pacific, and Inviolable Love
 Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
 Returning! In perpetual Tenor run
 Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet
 On Virtuous *ANNA*'s Head; ye Happy Days,
 By *HER* restor'd, Her Just Designs compleat,
 And, mildly on *HER* Shining, Bless the World.

Thus from the Noisy Croud exempt, with Ease,
 And Plenty blest, amid the Mazy Groves;
 (Sweet Solitude!) where Warbling Birds provoke
 The Silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
 Of SAINT JOHN, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
 To Sing *Britannic* Trophies, inexperienced
 Of War, with mean Attempt; while He intent
 (So *ANNA*'s Will Ordains) to Expedite
 His Military Charge, no Leisure finds
 To String His Charming Shell; But when Return'd
 Consummate Peace shall Rear Her Chearful Head,
 Then shall His CHURCHILL in Sublimer Verse
 For Ever Triumph; [†] latest Times shall learn
 From Such a Chief to Fight, and Bard, to Sing.

*and latest Times shall say
 The Hero fought y^e Raptur'd Poet sung.*

F I N I S.



